

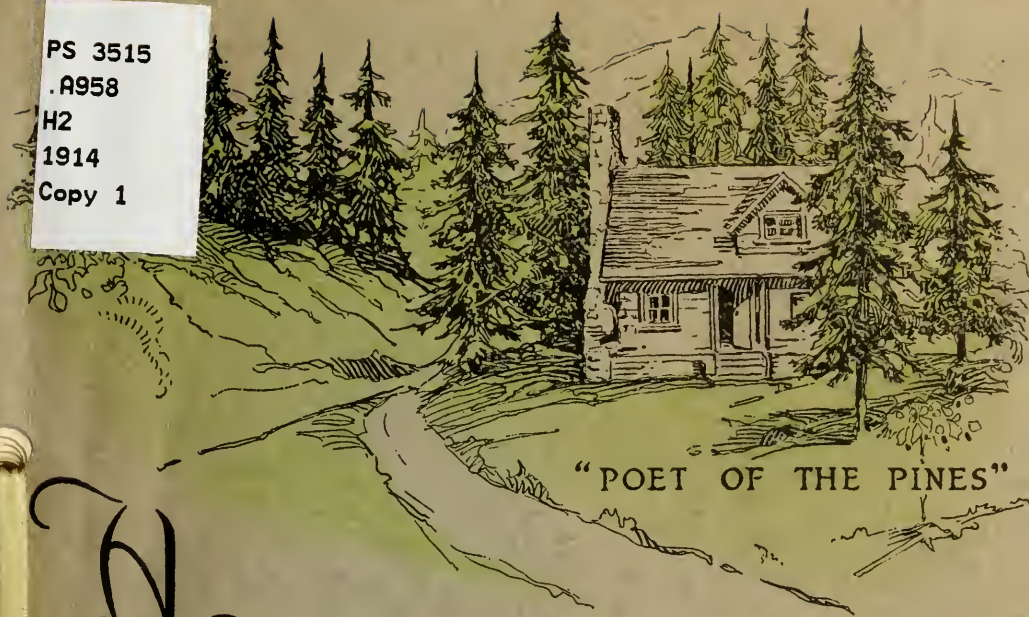
PS 3515

.A958

H2

1914

Copy 1



"POET OF THE PINES"

Hayward's Philosophy

by

E. F. HAYWARD

author Two Bits, etc.,

24





HAYWARD'S PHILOSOPHY

ORIGINAL POEMS

BY

E. F. HAYWARD

¹¹

AUTHOR OF TWO-BITS, MONOLOGUES, ETC.



Copyright 1914, by E. F. Hayward
Conover, Wis.

TS3515
A958 H
194

31

B, 00

©CLA379103
AUG 13 1944 no,



E. F. HAYWARD

IT seems good to get back to the old home and
neighbors,

Where once I was known to the whole neighborhood;
And shared in their joys, their sorrows and labors,
And bore their respect as an honest man should.

Those were the days when quality counted,
When honor was reckoned more precious than gold;
Where dollars and cents to but little amounted,
And nobody suffered from hunger and cold.

Where the weak and the aged were never neglected,
Where, to real human kindness, dame nature gave
birth;

And purity then, was the first thing protected,
And a man's word of honor was all he was worth.

This is the place which I tired of, deserted;
Went out to seek fortune and fame, as I thought.
But now I've returned, and I'm fully converted
The old home is best, and I'll here cast my lot.

I've been out in the world with its noise and confusion,
Where selfishness reigns, in the getting of gold;
Where to advocate honor is deemed an intrusion,
Where virtue and manhood, are openly sold.

Yes, I'm glad to get back, I was homesick and weary,
I've been longing to hear the word "welcome" again;
It makes this old world seem a whole lot more cheery
Seems just like the sunshine right after the rain.

DID you ever get homesick, know how it feels
When the lonesomest sickness all over you steals?
Your heart seems to sink away down in your shoes,
And you can't eat or sleep just because of the blues;
Your work drags along, in a hap-hazard way,
There's nothing that cheers you, nor makes you feel
 gay,
Your body is here, but your spirit has flown;
That's why you're homesick, and feel all alone.
You'd like to sit down and have a good cry,
But fear someone might notice the tear in your eye.
As sweet recollections of times long ago
Are brought to your memory, in colors aglow,
Your spirit is back where you're longing to be,
And is seeing the faces you're longing to see.
When the spirit gets restless and anxious to roam,
Get up and go with it, you're homesick, go home!

THERE'S no use complaining, whatever befall you,
Perhaps all your cares are but blessings disguised;

There are various ways in which duty may call you,
To work out the plan she so wisely devised.

Just take it for granted your task is essential,
A part most important in nature's great plan;
For a duty well done is a noble credential,
And one to be honored, by God and by man.

So bravely perform every duty assigned you,
And never complain of the burdens you bear,
And you will find pleasures enough to remind you
That life has more joys, than hardships and care.

WHEN a little child at school, I learned a lesson,
Which to me, has been the best I ever learned;
And in a thousand ways, has proved a blessing,
When defeat; into success, for me it turned.

I used to say "I can't" when problems stalled me—
I'd say it oftentimes before I'd try;
One day my teacher to the blackboard called me,
And had me write "I can't," then add, r-y.

Divide the last six letters in the middle,
And you'll find you have a "Motto" to live by;
You've removed a stumbling block and solved a riddle,
When you've changed the phrase "I can't" to "I can try."

BAD habits are hounds, which we take in and feed;
You don't have to coax them at all;
Just give them one meal; they'll return, that's their
breed—

You won't have to whistle or call.

They'll follow your track wherever you go,
Although you are sure you don't need them;
They're right at your heels, be your gait fast or slow,
They'll be with you as long as you feed them.

They get active and strong on the food they are fed,
They think you are weak so won't mind you;
They run on ahead, and refuse to be led,
Or to travel beside, or behind you.

They hamper your speed, they are right in your way;
When you're hunting a job, they're around;
But the man who would hire, and good wages pay,
Doesn't want a man "led by a hound."

You've no use for a hound, you're ashamed to be seen
With a dog, that is stronger than you;
You're sorry you fed him, he turned out so mean,
But you have him, so what can you do?

There's but one way to shake him, don't feed him a
thing;
Starvation will drive him away;
When you know all the trouble bad habits will bring,
Starve them out, do not keep them one day.

If you have a gronch and are feeling blue,
And you think the world has it in for you,
You're out of a job, and the rent most due,
And your chances of winning seem very few,
All the chums you had, and the friends you knew,
Have faded away, for they were not true,
Your last red cent from the bank you drew,
And for provisions, the same you blew,
And for getting more, you haven't a clue,
You worry and fret and fuss and stew,
And by your fretting, more troubles brew;
Your lucky star seems lost to view,
And hard luck sticks to you like glue,
Your true blue friends have lost their hue,
Not one volunteers to help you pull through,
And your last fond hope took wings and flew,
There's but one thing left for you to do—
"Go bury your troubles, and start anew."

HERE'S a little streak of jealousy in every human
heart;
This tiny smouldering ember, bursts to flame, with
sudden start;
When we see another doing things which we have
failed to do,
And win the plaudits of the world, we'd like to do it
too.
Altho' we honor genius, cheer the one who wins the
race,
Still, we feel down in our bosom, that we'd like to take
his place;
Tho' we'd not usurp the honors that another man has
won,
Nor take from him his medals, nor ignore the things
he's done,
Tho' we recognize his greatness, give him glory, honor,
fame,
There is something seems to tell us, that we could
have done the same.
I consider this a blessing, for it spurs us on, to try
And do the things which bring applause; the noble,
great, and high;
It would not make us simulate the vicious, vile or
weak,
It is a blessing in disguise, this little jealous streak.

IF we could see ahead a little way
And know what is in store for us tomorrow,
Just peep beyond the curtains of today
And get a glimpse of future joy or sorrow,
Would we be able to forestall the bad,
And in its stead have only pure and good,
Or, would that knowledge only make us sad,
I wonder as I ponder if it would?
Perhaps 'tis better that we cannot see
Beyond the veil which hides tomorrow's light,
And living thus in doubt, perhaps we'll be
Much happier with the things which are in sight.

THE world owes you a living
And should pay up, every day;
You should never have misgiving
That she's not the best of pay.
'Twas a debt imposed upon her
When she brought us here, on earth;
And we cannot doubt her honor
For we're her's by right of birth.
Yes, she'll meet this obligation,
And you cannot but respect her;
When she makes this stipulation
You must be your own collector.
We cannot be like new born birds
And sit within our nest;
And without effort, act, or words,
Have nature bring the best.
'Tis nature's plan that each shall do
Some part of life's great work;
And for that service she'll pay you—
But never, when you shirk.

THE way some people worry seems to me so very
strange,

For I can pass up worry with a bluff;
I never worry over things I'm sure I cannot change,
For if I did, I'd worry sure enough.

Now what's the use to worry over losses great or small?

It will not add one penny to your pile;
So when you feel you're crowded right up against the
wall,

Just climb the wall, and sit up there, and smile.

Hard luck stories are too common—we hear them
every day,

'Tis a habit formed by some, when they are blue;
As for me, I always tell them things are coming all
my way,

And I smile, to make them think my words are true.

The world will always listen when you tell of lucky
strikes,

She hears you when you laugh and cheers your song;
But I don't know of anyone who really truly likes
To meet the man who's kicking, all day long.

We all have disappointments, that is true;

To forget them is a noble trait in man;
Never let your troubles trouble anyone but you;
Cut out worry, smile and whistle when you can.

DON'T wait until your friends are dead
Before you bring them flowers,
Go pluck the pansy from its bed
And cheer their living hours.
Don't wait until they've passed away
Then give them but a tear,
But do instead, something to-day
To cheer them while they're here.
A pleasant word, a look, or smile
Will help them while they live,
Just try it once; 'tis worth the while,
These are the flowers to give.
Just try to-day to help somehow,
Some aching heart and head,
You'd better give a pansy now,
Than orchids when they're dead.

•

THERE'S a sense of satisfaction,
When we feel we've done our best,
Tho' we lose out by a fraction,
When put to the hardest test.

Tho' we never wear a laurel wreath
Upon our manly brow,
We need not feel that we're beneath
The one who wears it now.

We tried our best to win the race,
And used the strength we had,
Although we failed to win first place,
We ran, and we are glad.

Another, stronger than the rest,
Outsped us from the start;
We simply did our level best,
With body, brain and heart.

We tried to win, the same as he,
But lost through lack of force;
Where there's a winner, there must be
A loser, too, of course.

Tho' we do not wear a medal bright
Upon our manly breast,
We're satisfied we did just right,
We did our level best.

•

WHEN trouble stares you in the face
And hardships sore oppress you,
Perhaps they'll help you win the race,
They torture, then they bless you.

It might be you would lag behind
But for the goad of sorrow,
The loser of today, may find
A way to win tomorrow.

Don't give up hope because of grief,
And let your aspirations die,
Another day may bring relief,
And you'll be happy bye and bye.

Just live your life each day and hour
The best you can, and murmur not;
Your soul will gain in strength and power,
And happiness shall be your lot.

The darkest night can only stay
A little while, then comes the light;
Our sorrows too, must pass away,
And joy and pleasure loom in sight.

So keep right on, and trust and smile,
And do each day your level best;
Then your reward will be worth while,
If you've been tried and stood the test.

mANY times I've heard repeated this old saying
trite and true,

"Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will return to
you."

It may not come back tomorrow, you may have to wait
awhile;

Don't despair, nor be impatient, wait and watch and
trust and smile;

For the law of compensation deals alike, with one and
all;

As you planted in the springtime, you shall harvest
in the fall.

Every little act of kindness, every little word of praise,
Tho' forgotten for the moment, shall return in many
days.

We may pray in faith believing, pray, and wait, then
pray again;

If the answer seem belated, we may think our prayers
in vain;

If 'tis best for us to have it, we shall get our heart's de-
sire;

Just be patient, good and trusting, and to noble things
aspire;

Do each day some act that's noble, cheer some heart
dry someone's tears;

Your reward is sure and certain, as you'll find in after
years.

IF we would weigh the words we say
And speak but those we mean,
We'd save a lot of talk each day
And keep our conscience clean.

The idle words we often speak
And promises we make,
If given credence by the weak,
May cause some heart to ache.

We never know the suffering
An idle word may start,
You never can erase a thing
You've written on a heart.

So, I say, weigh each sentence well,
And as I've said before,
You may not have so MUCH TO TELL,
But you'll MEAN a whole lot more.

WHEN the heart is sad, and the spirit
grieves,

And the hot tears flow, and all gladness leaves,
The world seems lonely, and cold and drear,
With scarcely a hope that would give us cheer,
Yet must we live; we have no choice,
But must wait till we hear that still small voice.
And if while waiting, we'd work and pray,
'Twould surely bring us a brighter day;
We'd soon forget all our cares and sorrow,
In praying today for a better tomorrow.
We never can tell what tomorrow may bring,
While there's life there's hope, and to hope we
should cling;
Trusting all-wise-God who has placed us here
To light up our pathway, and make it clear,
And tomorrow will come with its joy full measure,
And life to us then will be filled with pleasure.
When you feel 'tis easier to cry than smile,
Just keep on working and praying awhile.

mAN'S nature seems to be to crave
The things that bring applause and fame;
To do some act considered brave,
And call attention to his name.

Some born of genius win applause
With scarce an effort on their part,
While some, by nature's unknown laws,
Have disappointment from the start.

Some risk their lives in doing things,
Which at the most could bring but wealth;
Which most invariably takes wings
And leaves them broken down in health.

I've seen it all, in my few years,
I've watched the passing show go by;
I've learned these things are bought with tears,
There's naught but GOOD can satisfy.

HOW many so-called friends we find
If we just take and sort'em,
That's just the common thoughtless kind,
The kind we call post mortem.
They overlook your virtues now,
And never think to praise you;
But at your grave their heads they bow,
And weep as though to raise you.
They speak their word of praise too late,
And when at last they've said it,
Your soul has passed the pearly gate,
Before they gave you credit.

IF you have a talent, use it;
Do not try to hide away
Such a blessing, nor abuse it,
You may lose it any day.
Maybe God has only lent it
Just to see what you will do;
If you foolishly have spent it,
Or have hidden it from view,
You have wronged the one who gave it,
Also done yourself a wrong;
If you have a talent, save it,
Or you may not have it long.

IF we should get the things for which we've prayed
The things we thought we could not live without,
And had to keep all promises we've made,
Believing we'd make good, without a doubt,
What a world of trouble we'd be in today;
We'd have our life and liberty at stake,
If we'd get all the things for which we pray,
And fulfill every promise that we make.
We pray each day for things which seem the best,
The things we feel would bring us perfect bliss;
And tomorrow, we would earnestly request
Some blessing, just the opposite to this.
We promise everything within our power,
We make new pledges almost every day;
If we'd make good, we'd never find an hour
In which to make new pledges, or to pray.

WHEN love comes in and reigns supreme,
We realize our fondest dream;
The answer to our fervent prayer,
Which drives away all doubt and care.
For love, when once it fills the heart,
Becomes the active ruling part,
Supplies the mind with thoughts all pure,
Safeguards the soul, makes us secure.
Makes glad the heart that's had a care,
Brings joy and sunshine everywhere,
Gives birth to patience, virtue, prayer,
Makes heavy burdens light to bear.
The strongest element in man
And first of all, in God's great plan,
It fills the soul with perfect bliss;
There's naught but love can do all this.

THE plan of nature seems to be,
That we should have variety;
The rich and poor, the good and bad,
The weak and mighty, gay and sad,
The meek and haughty, high and low,
All take a part in life's great show.

Each one must play his little part,
As nature planned it from the start;
Some crave applause and hearty cheers,
While some would move your heart to tears.
Each actor has his part to learn,
And each must do his little turn.

No matter how his taste it suits,
He cannot put on substitutes:
And whether cheers or hisses greet,
Their lines once said, they can't repeat;
They leave the stage with hurried pace,
And other actors take their place.

I HAVE prayed to the Lord to guide me aright,
To lead me from darkness out into the light;
To show me the path that is godly and true,
And point out the things he would have me to do.

My soul has cried out in its anguish and grief,
For a message from heaven to bring me relief;
Tho' I've stood on the brink of the Chasm Despair,
Where one step would take me away over there,

Yet, his love and his pity have urged me to stay,
With a glimmering hope of another bright day;
And my spirit calls out from the darkness of night,
And tells me keep on and not give up the fight.

So it must be, that somehow, the Lord has it planned,
That I'm doing ALL RIGHT, tho' I can't understand;
So I'll follow the path he has laid out for me,
And welcome the finish whatever it be.

THE rarest thing on earth today,
No matter where you go,
Is the man who's not ashamed to say,
"I really do not know."

If you seek for information,
Just let your wants be known,
And you'll hear a fine oration
On the things you would be shown.

No matter what the subject be,
Nor of whom you ask advice,
You'll get the information free,
Though dear at half that price.

I'd like to meet the fellow, who
When asked how diamonds grow,
Would simply smile, and say to you
"I'm sure I do not know."

T'D rather say "I'll try" than say "I will",
Then should I fail, my word is good and true;
But when you promise, and fail to fulfill,
The world has little confidence in you.

Don't set a date to do a thing, unless
You're absolutely sure you'll meet that date;
For you have given out a promise, not a guess,
And something might occur, to make you late.

'Tis well to make a promise when your sure,
But even then, you'd better say "I'll try,"
For disappointed friends would be the fewer,
And no one then could say, "you told a lie."

REMEMBER my friend when sowing your seeds,
To choose with great care every grain;
For in every large field there is sure to be weeds,
So be careful, don't plant them again.

Select every seed with the greatest of care,
Casting out everything that is bad;
And then, at the harvest, you'll have as your share,
A field that will make your heart glad.

Being careless at seed time is work thrown away,
And the harvest will show the mistakes;
So choose every word that you speak every day,
And see what a difference it makes.

LEAVES a turnin', bonfires burnin',
Chilly breeze an' smoky air;
Nuts a fallin', squirrels callin',
Blush on apple, peach and pear;
Pumpkin yellow, ripe an' mellow,
Grain all cut, an' hay in stack;
Any wonder that a fellow
Welcomes dear old autumn back?

IF we had the sunshine only,
And no clouds to hide the sky,
We'd soon be sad and lonely,
For the flowers all would die.

We welcome bright sunshiny days,
They cause the earth to smile;
We love them best and give most praise,
When it has rained awhile.

Wise nature gives us pleasure after pain,
She makes us sad awhile, and then she cheers;
The sun shines all the brighter after rain,
Just as the eyes shine brighter after tears.

'TIS easy enough to censure another;
Instead of extending a brotherly hand,
And giving advice like a father or mother,
Lift him up on his feet and help him to stand.

We pose as the judges of those all about us,
Forgetting that we are as weak as the rest;
We feel this old world couldn't move on without us,
That of God's chosen children, we are purest
and best.

We're too busy to help another who's falling,
Too pure to reach down in the gutter to save
A brother or sister, who's hopelessly calling
For someone to snatch them from sin and the grave.

We pose as saints, placed on earth among sinners,
We're too jealous to lift them to our high estate,
But sometime we'll find that the others are winners;
Then we'd gladly change places, but find 'tis too late.

WHEN the heart is full of sorrow,
And the head is full of pain,
And you dread to see tomorrow
With its added cares and strain,
When the charm of life has vanished
And you see no light ahead,
'All your fondest hopes are banished,
And you live among the dead.
Every hope which you had cherished,
Every friend you thought was true,
In a day they all have perished;
Then my friend 'tis up to you.
Up to you to fight lone-handed,
Win or lose, go right ahead;
You're in luck to be just stranded,
Just suppose that you were dead.
Dead men leave all hope behind them,
Live men have a fighting chance;
Joys abound, and you will find them;
Wake your soul from out its trance!

EVERYTHING is lovely when the tide is running
high,

When you've friends and money plenty and no grief
to bring a sigh,

Then the world is full of gladness, and you're truly
glad to live,

And there's not a pleasure offered but you have the
price to give.

Then the world is full of flowers, and your path with
roses spread,

All your thoughts are for the living, for to you there's
nothing dead;

But the tide is ever changing, there must be an ebb and
flow,

Be prepared to meet the changes when the tide is run-
ning low.

When your hand has lost its cunning, and your words
have lost their charm,

Many things you thought were pleasures brought
you only pain and harm,

And the friends who flocked about you not so very
long ago,

Have deserted, left you stranded, 'cause the tide was
running low.

DON'T take it for granted a thing must be true
Just because from some book you have read it;
If it does not sound right, and seem true to you,
Don't believe it, no matter who said it.

Apply this same rule to the gossiping herd
Who speak slighting words of each other;
And never take stock in any man's word
Who is knocking at some absent brother.

Don't keep as an heirloom the time worn ideas
Handed down through your family for ages,
Unless they'll apply to your life in these years,
Although they were uttered by sages.

Three great factors hold progress in check,
Superstition, then custom and fear;
They're the shoals upon which is cast many a wreck,
For reason is not there to steer.

So cast off the things which are ancient and stale,
Traditions all tattered and torn;
Quit floating an ark, get a ship that will sail;
In this way are the best thinkers born.

YOU cannot cheat on nature's scales,
They weigh exactly true;
On purchases, the same as sales,
They'll weigh the same for you.
Don't think of cheating when you sell,
The weight must be exact;
For the dial on the scales will tell
Of anything held back.
The weights you use in selling,
Will be used when you must buy;
And there's nothing made in telling,
Any kind of business lie.

ONE thing alone makes life worth living,
'Tis just the privilege of giving;
For all we shall have on the judgment day,
Are the few small things we have given away.

I LOVE the autumn clear and fair,
The piney scented balmy air,
With health and strength in every breeze,
Fresh from lakes and forest trees.

No other time in all the year,
So full of life and health and cheer;
For this and many other reasons,
I love it best of all the seasons.

'Tis then the hunter with his gun
Goes forth, to have a little fun;
Kind nature heard the angler's wish,
And gave him autumn days to fish.

The trees aglow with colors bright,
A million rainbows all in sight;
The song birds sing their sweetest tune,
As welcome as they were in June.

Instinctively they seem to know
When autumn closes, they must go.
And each his favorite song does sing,
The same sweet song we heard in spring.

A squirrel scampers up a tree,
And from the top he watches me,
And keeps an eye upon his store,
Where he has carried nuts galore.

A rabbit running on his trail
Scares from its hiding place, a quail.
You think you hear an army coming,
Ah, no! 'Tis but a partridge drumming.

I love to listen, look and think,
And from the fount of nature drink;
A taste of heaven this must be,
I'd revel in its ecstasy.

I'M just a common laborer, I toil from sun to sun;
I was not born to riches, nor for office ever run;
I simply do my duty, earn my bread by honest work,
No matter what my lot has been, I've never tried to
shirk.
My hands are rough and horny, they've never worn a
glove;
But the heart within my bosom, is as tender as a dove.
I love my wife and babies, I'm sure they all love me,
There never was a family that's happier than we,
Our food tho' plain, is wholesome; there's plenty of it
too;
Our clothing plain, but always clean, our luxuries are
few;
By luxuries, I mean the things which gold alone can
buy,
But love provides us many things which gold cannot
supply.
We have no thought of envy for things beyond our
reach,
We live the quiet simple life, and practice what we
preach.
Yes, I'm supremely happy; I can labor every day;
We have no debts, because we live within our meager
pay;
To the world I'm but a toiler, but the world's a little
thing,
Compared to wife and babies, for to them, I am a
king.

TAKE the perfume of the rose,
Take the gentlest breeze that blows,
Take the sweetest of your dreams,
Take the sparkling mountain streams,
Take the honey from the flower,
Take the sunshine and the shower,
Take the song the angels sing,
Take the clearest bells that ring,
Take the sweetest voice you've heard,
Take the warble of a bird,
Take the brightest star that shines,
Take the odor of the pines,
Take the joy of lover's kiss,
Take a peep at perfect bliss,
Take the sparkle of a gem,
Take, I say, take all of them;
Everything I've named above,
And they spell the one word "LOVE."

Harmless fellow was poor "Old Doc"
But a target for every jibe and knock;
The first to be called to nurse the sick
And all the pay he received was a kick.

A handy old man in the neighborhood
Yet they seldom spoke of his points of good;
His was a life with but little of joy,
An invalid wife and a crippled boy.

When the poor wife died his heart was broke
For she'd helped him carry the heavy yoke;
His sight soon failed with the scalding tears.
As he wept over hardships he'd borne for years.

He had no money his debts to pay,
So his home by a mortgage was swept away.
The race to the poor house was quickly run
By poor "Old Doc" and his crippled son.

With broken spirit and wounded pride
Poor "Old Doc" soon sickened and died.
In a cheap pine box his body was sealed,
And hustled away to the Potter's field.

Enroute to the grave, they met a man
Who, stopping the silent caravan,
Asked the cripple if someone was dead
He answered, "That's my father ahead."

Of funeral and flowers "Old Doc" had none,
And his only mourner his crippled son.
In an unmarked grave they laid him away
To await the call on the Judgment Day.

On the Judgment Day when the dead shall arise,
Don't you think there would be a great surprise,
If the truest Christians the graves shall yield
Would answer the call from the Potter's Field?

TO get the best the world affords,
Which everyone should do,
I've noticed this, if you look towards
The top, 'tis right in view.

This rule applies to many things,
And is not apt to fail—
From common laborers, to kings—
Or things displayed for sale.

The better kind you'll never find
Beneath the poorer grade;
They never stop 'till at the top,
You'll find THE BEST displayed.

THE greatest heroes in the world, are those who
fight alone;
Heroically they win or lose, nor let their names be
known;
They crave no wreath of laurel, nor have a thought
of fame,
Though they fight "the silent battles," they are heroes
just the same.

I HAVE no fear of this thing called death,
When the body goes back to the earth;
And we simply surrender to nature, the breath
That was breathed in our nostrils at birth.
I know not the plan of the Great Architect,
Nor question His wisdom at all;
He gave me my being, and I must expect
To give back the same, at His call.
No, I'll not be afraid, when my time comes to die,
I'll leave this old world with a smile;
But I'm not quite ready to say good bye,
I would put it off for awhile.

ONE need not go to foreign land
To be a missionary;
Just do the work that is at hand;
That's all that's necessary.

The world is full of sin and strife,
We see it everywhere
Where human souls and human life
Are stepping in a snare.

If you would save a soul or two,
Don't go across the seas,
There's plenty here for you to do
In saving some of these.

The weak and sinful both are here
In this enlightened nation;
Don't be surprised if they appear
Among your own relation.

If saving souls be what you crave,
You have not far to roam;
Just ask the Lord your own to save,
Then go to work at home.

BE on your guard for the tempter is near you,
In search of a weak spot where he may attack;
He's a coward and sneak, and has reason to fear you,
Like a hound he comes sneaking along on your track.
He's afraid to come up and tell you his mission,
He's afraid to expose his vile face to your view;
He strikes when he finds you in weakened condition,
His arrows are poison, his aim quick and true.
He knows all your thoughts, your moods and your
passions,
He's planning your downfall from morning 'till night;
The snares and the pitfalls he cunningly fashions,
Are not in YOUR path, if you keep to the right.

YOU can overthrow an army, you can vanquish
every foe,

You can scale the tallest mountain, regardless its
height;

You can perform the miracles if you really truly know
And feel down in your soul, you're doing right.

The tasks which seemed a burden when you tried to
work alone,

Are pleasures when the darkness turns to light;
And all the doubt and worry of the old life will have
flown,

If you feel down in your heart you're doing right.

Throw off the shackles of the past, that made your
progress slow;

Act manfully in everything, and keep your honor
bright;

You'll find that life's worth living everywhere you go,
If you feel down in your heart you're doing right.

HOW can we ask for mercy and expect to have it shown
When we're down and out and knocked about,
And on a cold world thrown,
Unless to others we have been both merciful and kind,
To man and brute, to deaf and mute,
To maimed and halt and blind?

We have no right to ask for help, unless we're helping
others;

Nor for mercy cry, when you and I
Have shown none to our brothers;
If we have done the best we could, with what we had
in store,

When we're in need, 'tis time indeed,
That we should ask for more.

RESTLESS things we mortals be,
Roaming over land and sea,
Each on different mission bent,
No one seems to be content.
Some are seeking strength and health,
Others bent on getting wealth.

Each one seeks a special treasure,
Health or wealth or fame or pleasure.
Some reach their goal while others fail,
And fall and die along the trail;
And when one loses in the race,
Another quickly takes his place.

This surging, busy maddening throng,
To which we each, and all belong,
Are rushing toward a common goal,
Where each must offer up his soul;
The rich and poor, the meek and brave,
Have but one goal, and that the grave.

I'D rather have a baby of my own, upon my knee,
Than own the finest mansion in the land;
I'd rather hear it calling, "Daddy dear" to me,
Than to have a million dollars cash in hand.

I'd rather feel its curly head a cuddle on my breast,
Than hold the highest office men can give;
For of all nature's blessings, babies are the best;
Were it not for them I'd hardly care to live.

A home without a baby is hardly worth the name,
Although the homes with babies seem so few;
I'd rather have my babies than fortune, power, fame;
For I know that baby love is pure and true.

WE would find but little sadness
If we'd look for things that cheer,
For the world is full of gladness
Made to charm the eye and ear.

Just look round you, for a minute,
At the things you're passing by;
Everything has goodness in it,
You can find it if you try.

There's a song in every flower,
Health and strength in every breeze;
Sit right down and spend an hour
With the birds and flowers and trees.

Each one holds for you a treasure,
Which will cheer you on your way;
Life is full of joy and pleasure,
Everywhere and every day.

What's the use of hunting sorrow,
When there's happiness in sight?
Have no fear about "tomorrow,"
If you live "today" all right.

THE bravest soul in the world today,
And the one most worthy our cheers,
Is the one who seems to be happy and gay,
But is really smiling through tears.

The one with a heart that is heavy and sad,
With a sorrow that's all its own,
Yet keeps on smiling and seems to be glad,
And weeps only, when he is alone

Tho' bitter the cup you are quaffing,
And heavy the burden you bear,
Just keep right on smiling and laughing,
And you'll wear a crown over there.

EACH soul is launched on the river of life,
In a craft which is fragile and frail;
A river beset with hardships and strife,
And storm swept by many a gale.

But along its whole course, are warnings which tell
Of the dangers on every side;
If we would but heed them, all would be well,
For safely our course they would guide.

These warnings were placed there to help us along,
They are placed where we all have to read them;
The warnings are right, but we often go wrong,
Just because we have failed to heed them.

We leave all the channels of safety behind,
We ignore all the warnings we've read;
We thought we were safe but suddenly find
There are dangerous rapids ahead.

We bend to the oar, and work with our might,
As our craft on the wild waves is tossed;
We struggle and pray to be guided aright,
For we see how the heedless are lost.

This River of Life leads on to a goal,
Where the good may forever abide;
So remember your craft holds an immortal soul,
And you are its pilot and guide.

A palace grand with marble halls,
With paintings rare and frescoed walls,
Treasures of art from every land,
And well trained servants at command;
Stacks of books with knowledge stored,
Stocks and bonds and money to hoard,
Gorgeous mansions with treasures rare,
Yet not a home for love's not there.
No children grace the well kept lawn;
This man has gold to depend upon.
So we need linger no longer here
If we seek a home of love and cheer.
Next in line comes the great hotel,
Where multitudes of humans dwell.
'Twas built for those who fain would roam,
But God pity those who call it home.
These are machines to grind out gold,
Just a makeshift home that's bought and
sold.

Such the homes for the transient herd;
Love is lacking in look and word.
A loveless home is none at all,
And soon or late is sure to fall.
What we call home it matters not,
Be it palace or humble cot;
If love be there and reigns supreme,
This place is home, all else a dream.

'TIS night, I lay me down to rest,
Preparing for another day;
'Tis good to know I've done my best,
In every way.

I've watched each minute as it passed,
I've weighed each word before 'twas said;
The day has gone; 'tis night at last,
And time for bed.

Before I close my eyes in sleep,
I'll say this little prayer;
That thro' no act of mine shall others weep,
Nor have a care.

'm IDST life's busy confusion and turmoil and strife
In the crush and the jam of the pelf getting herd,
Where dollars are valued above human life,
With "Get Yours" the slogan and "Dollars" the word.
I've been crowded and elbowed, pushed out of line,
I've been offered inducements to steal and to lie;
But I turned them aside, for I knew "I'd get mine",
For I carried the banner of honor held high.

YOUR conscience is just like a faithful old dog,
It will follow wherever you go;
You may go through the rain, hail, snow or fog,
It is with you for weal or for woe.
You may try every way, to leave it behind,
You may beat it and curse it in vain;
But just look behind you, and there you will find
That old faithful is with you again.
There is no way to shake it, try as you may,
In the wheel of your life, 'tis a cog;
It is right at your heels, by night and by day,
You can't get away from your dog.

THIS is an age of wonders, we see them every day,
We marvel at the things which greet the eye;
We glance at them a moment, then hurry on our way,
For we know there'll be a new one bye and bye.

We wonder how the mind of man conceived such great
ideas,
We're surprised to see the work he has achieved;
We see men flying through the air, they come and go
with ease,
Had this been pledged a century back, 'twould not
have been belived.

We have the submarine, which dives beneath the
ocean wave,
We send out wireless messages, to ships far out at
sea;
Lightning, fire and water, man has made his slave,
Can anything more wonderful than these things, ever
be?

I answer yes; a million times more wonderful than
these,
Are the SIMPLEST things in nature; a single grain of
sand,
A blade of grass, a flower, for in each of these man sees
A work he cannot duplicate—the work of God's own
hand.

'TIS sweet to know that someone cares
A little bit for you—

And know you have the earnest prayers
Of one that's good and true.

Go where you may on land or sea,
No matter where you roam;
There's one who'll ever faithful be,
The one you left at home.

A prayer is breathed for you each night
Before she goes to bed,
That you may reach the shining light,
A little ways ahead,

Where troubled brain and aching heart,
May lay aside its care;
Back home with her, no more to part,
This is her earnest prayer.

So try and do your part, each day,
And to that one be true;
For she will wait, and watch and pray
Each night for you.

THE man who's ever willing
To give you good advice,
Never offers you a shilling,
When you haven't got the price.
He'll reel off rules to live by,
And point out your mistakes,
But he knows no rule to give by,
Except the talk he makes.
He'll tell you how you ought to live,
The things you must not do,
But his advice is all he'll give,
It doesn't cost a sou.
Another thing I always find,
The ones who would advise you,
Are strong in talk, but weak in mind;
Are they the kind to wise you?

WE should not judge another by the things which
are in sight,
If we had no clues but those to use, we'd seldom judge
them right;
If we would judge them by their clothes or even by
their features,
We'd miss our guess most every time; men are peculiar
creatures.

The eyes are windows of the soul, but often there's a
curtain
Which hides the inner room from view, and makes
the guess uncertain.
The mouth is trained to do the will of the one who
has to use it,
And should you bank your bet on that, you're almost
sure to lose it.

If on the voice you would depend, it also may prove
wrong,
For even one with vicious mind, might sing the
sweetest song;
The ear, the nose, also the chin show character and
breeding,
But even these may change their form and prove to be
misleading.

To judge one by the clothes he wears would hardly
ever do,
For oftentimes a coat of paint makes second hand
look new;
If we would judge a man by these we'd often make
mistakes,
For an honest man if overdressed a poor impression
makes.

The safest way to judge a man is after you have tried
him,
A chance to prove he's good or bad should never be
denied him;
Then when you've found he is a man and have no
cause to doubt him,
It seems to me 'twould be just right to tell your
friends about him.

WHEN you find a man of genius who has really
made good,

He will take you in his confidence and have it understood,
That he started out with nothing, in the races which he
ran,

And he would impress upon you, he's a self made man.

He tells you of the handicaps, he carried from the start,
How little nature gave him except his brain and heart;
The great improvement he has made on nature's rough,
crude ways,

And for the finished product he would have you give him
praise.

I know some men if this were true, so great and good are
they,

I'd simply marvel at their works, so grand in every way;
They're not the ones who claim to be their own great
architects,

Nor think the model perfect and free from all defects.

It takes a great mechanic to make a perfect man,
For nature failed to leave us any model, rule or plan;
But most of these same self made men I notice as a rule,
Have overdone the thing until they've made a perfect
fool.

LAST New Year's Day, while feeling gay,
You made some resolution;

You turned a leaf, in firm belief
You were no liliputian.

You felt as strong as Sandow then
You came out bold and clear;
You'd be a model for all men
To copy, for a year.

Several months have rolled away
As nature willed they should,
I wonder, can you truly say
That you are making good?

You know you made it pretty strong,
You meant it then, perhaps,
But one whole year is pretty long
And filled with sad mishaps.

Well, if you have not quite made good,
Your score is not the worst;
Look back and see just how you stood
Last January first.

OUR life is what we make it day by day,
And we have no honest reason to complain;
For every thought we think and word we say,
We either smile with joy or suffer pain.
We are gifted with a sense of right and wrong,
And should decide before each word and act;
To the authors of each act and word belong
The pain or joy they bring, when they come back.
So let us try to live our best and smile,
And trouble then can find no resting place;
We only live on earth a little while,
So try to live in honor, not disgrace.

I stand at the grave of a dear, dead friend,
One whom I've known many a year,
A man on whom you could safely depend,
For his honor he held most dear.

He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow,
His portion in life was to toil;
His soul is at rest in glory right now,
As we cover his body with soil.

He was loved by all who loved true worth,
He craved neither gold or applause,
A noble product of this old earth,
A maker and keeper of laws.

His was a life that was pure and sweet,
A life that was really worth while,
A nature which nothing could ever defeat,
For he was never too tired to smile.

mY memory drifts back to the sweet long ago,
To the days of my childhood and youth;
With never a thought of sorrow or woe,
When I thought every promise meant truth.

I can see the old cabin that stood on the hill,
And the stream in the valley below;
I can hear the low purr of the wheel in the mill,
As I did half a century ago.

I have watched that old wheel as it slowly turned
round,
Churning water to white foam and spray,
With a splatter and splash and a gurgling sound,
As the waters went dashing away.

I've stood by that wheel for many an hour,
And wondered how long it would stay;
I felt even then, though the stream gave it power,
That the mill and the wheel must decay.

How true was that guess, as I view it today,
The mill and the wheel both are gone,
While the stream dances gaily along on its way,
Giving power to wheels further on.

So it is with our lives. We toil a few years,
Drawing power from sources above,
And we realize now as we look through our tears,
That there's nothing eternal but love.

'TIS good to get the handshake from a real true friend,
It brings a thrill of gladness to the heart,
To know there's really someone on whom you can depend;
You feel that of your life they are a part.

They always have a "welcome" mat outside of their front
door,

Their latch string always hangs outside for you;
No matter what they've done for you, they'd do a little
more;

How many friends have you, which are thus true?

These are the kind who help you up, when you have
fallen down,

And give you words of cheer to help you win,
Who never pass you silently with scorn, or sullen frown,
Because you like all others, chanced to sin.

This kind of friendship never dies, 'tis made from loves
best part,

Their purse they'll open to a friend, as quickly as their
heart.

In making friends let me advise, be careful how you
choose them;

Then when you find you have this kind, be careful not
to lose them.

THE sun is setting in the west,
The finish of another day,
Our strength has stood another test,
But we are tired, let us pray.

And let our prayer be for tomorrow,
That we may meet our duties with a smile,
That neither heart-ache, grief or sorrow,
May come to us, for yet a little while.

We did today the best within our power,
We did the work it seemed our part to do,
We labored hard through every sunlit hour,
Now that we're tired, we pray for strength anew.

We would not shirk one duty whatsoever,
We only ask for strength to do it right;
To live aright shall be our great endeavor,
To do it we need faith and strength and light.

A duty well performed should be a pleasure,
There's a portion set aside for every one,
And every finished day should in a measure
Bring joy to him who works from sun to sun.

Our task may not be just as we would choose it,
Just why 'tis ours we cannot understand.
But give us faith and strength and we will use it,
And smile and do the work which is at hand.

I watch my old clock as it ticks off the time
That stands between me and the grave;
Each hour it rings out a beautiful chime
Which tells me, be patient and brave.

I know not the time it may tick off the hour
That closes my earthly career;
But time is controlled by an infinite power
In whom I have faith, and no fear.

I have watched that old clock as days glided by
And treasured it as a dear friend,
For it always is faithful, never will lie,
On its word I can ever depend.

And at last, when it chimes my last hour on earth,
And my soul to its Maker shall fly,
I'll bless this old friend that has timed me from
birth,
And bid it a tearful good bye.

THERE are some things in our English,
Which to me do not seem right.
Thus, the man who has "loose habits,"
Is the one most often tight.
He who has a fit of coffin'
Is not troubled with a cough,
And the man who is the closest
Is most always farthest off.

DON'T let a little habit handicap your race,
And instead of winning honors take only
second place.
Call upon your manhood, break the chain in two,
Once you're free from habits, see what you can do;
Bad habits are a burden hampering your speed,
Makes you always follow where you ought to lead,
Smothers out ambition, fills your heart with fear,
Spoils a world of pleasure while you're stopping
here.
Never let bad habits get the best of you,
Quit the ones you're forming, start all over new.

JUST a friendly handshake, just a word of cheer,
Makes the weary wanderer glad that he is here;
It only takes a moment to speak a word or two,
Full of cheer and comfort, to a soul that's blue.

Don't be in a hurry, stop and rest awhile,
And cheer a face that's saddened, paint on it a smile;
It only takes a smile or two to drive the clouds away,
Don't wait until tomorrow, just try it out today.

A word from you might dry a tear and cheer a heart
that's sad;

Pull up a thistle, plant a flower, make a waste place
glad.

You'll find 'twill make you happy, and what's a
whole lot more,

You'll get a hearty welcome when you reach the other
shore.

IT'S easy enough to promise to do,
Our intentions may be of the best;
But the things which count with me and with you,
Are results; for we can't use the rest.

A promise is good as far as it goes,
It may satisfy some for awhile;
But it brings neither food, shelter nor clothes,
Nor buys us a ride of one mile.

Don't promise a thing you're not sure you can meet,
Better go without that which you crave;
For 'tis worse to be known as a liar or cheat,
Than to be called a pauper or slave.

No man is poor, whose word is all right,
So keep good every promise you make;
The results of each day, are summed up at night,
So you better not make, than to break.

JUST to give up life for death,
Just a passing of the breath,
Just a closing of the eyes,
These all come to him who dies.
Just a coffin, just a box,
Just one boost and many knocks,
Just a grave upon the hill
Where everything is still,
Just a stone to mark the place
Where he finished in the race,
Where his body soon shall rot,
And his life work be forgot,
This must come to one and all,
Rich and poor and great and small.

IN the flush and bloom of youth, bright and gay,
When you've started out on life's uncertain span,
Let your words be full of truth every day,
For without truth you can never be a man.
You will find it very hard, sometimes, I know,
For this life is full of trials, for us all;
"But Truth" will take you where 'tis safe to go,
While "falsehood" keeps you backed against the wall.
It may seem slower sailing, for awhile,
'Til you've learned to love the truth, and hate a lie,
But in after years, you'll look around and smile;
For you have a treasure gold could never buy.

I shall ever remember when I was a boy,
In fact, I believe I'm one still;

For the things which brought me the greatest of joy,
Were the things that would bring me a thrill.

I loved the excitement of chasing the hounds,
Of bringing the sly fox to bay.

I knew everyone of the many strange sounds
Of the forest, by night or by day.

I knew every cave, every crevice and crack,
Where a coon or a wildcat could hide;

I could tell at a glance, at a freshly made track,
When 'twas made, and what made it, beside.

I knew every clam bed for miles every way;
Where the coon and the mink love to feed;

I knew every run-way by night or by day,
I could tell about where it would lead.

I knew just as well, where the fishing was best,
Where the wily black bass hid away,

I could pick out the rock where a crawfish would
nest,

I knew where to go every day.

I'm back there tonight, just as real as can be,
Enjoying those sweet boyhood days;

Forty years have not wrought any great change in
me,

I'm as young now, as then, in some ways.

WHAT a privilege it is to be placed here on earth
And partake of its pleasures awhile;
To add one small mite to its joy and mirth,
And to bring to some sad face a smile.

So be gentle and kind, never cruel,
'Tis easy enough if you try;
Each day you live right, adds a jewel
To the crown you shall wear bye and bye.

Consider the rights of all others,
Being honest in every deal;
Smile and greet all as your brothers,
And see how much better you'll feel.

WHEN you see a failure, just look for the cause,
And you'll find 'twas neglect of nature's laws;

Don't let the loser assign the blame,
For most all losers, are just the same.

They frame up a happy go lucky existence,
And follow the lines of least resistance;
They sit in the shade while others work,
And only plan, their share to shirk.

They live by the sweat of another's brow,
And win by their wits for awhile, somehow;
They simply drift on the river's crest,
Nor make an effort to do their best.

They float along, with an unconcern
Of the danger that's lurking, at every turn;
To the calls for help, they are dumb indeed,
For their's is a life of selfish greed.

They ramble along from bad to worse,
'Till the leveling law of the universe,
Judging every man by his real true worth,
Says: "The idler shall have no place on earth."

TN the darkest hours of sadness,
When we see no signs of gladness,
Bright and gay—
When our portion seems but sorrow,
And we dread to see tomorrow,
Let us pray.

For somewhere the sun is shining
On the dark cloud's silvery lining,
So they say;
There's a thought that's ever cheering,
Even this which I am fearing,
Shall pass away.

WHEN times are good and money is plenty,
And fifty dollars seem just like twenty,
And there's hardly a thing that greets the eye,
But you have the price with which to buy,
The best there is, is none too good,
For this is your day for "sawing wood."

Now that's all right, so far as it goes,
It is your privilege, I suppose,
To spend your money as you think best,
So long as it does not harm the rest;
But when you are broke, be it understood,
You'll know the real meaning of "sawing wood."

WE never know the value of a thing until 'tis lost,
Sometimes we lose them by the things we say;
We cannot prize too highly, the bridge we've safely
crossed,
We'd miss it, if we found 'twas washed away.
We love our friends, so tried and true,
There's little we'd refuse them,
But just how dear they were to you,
Comes only when you lose them.
So count your treasures every day,
And guard with tender care
The things you love, and thus you may
Know just how dear they are.

I'LL stand firmly in line, 'til my number is called,
And when I hear mine, I'll not be appalled;
I'll respond to the voice, so soft and so low,
Which gives us no choice, if we wished to say no.
Though I'd linger awhile, midst the pleasures I know,
With a tear and a smile, I will trustingly go.
I have known from my youth, this summons must come,
Now I know for a truth, it is calling me home;
Home where the soul shall forever abide, I have no fear
of the call
'Tis only a step to the other side; just a nap and a dream,
that is all.

TIS not hard to pick a winner, you can tell him at
a glance,
He who happened to be lucky at some simple game of
chance;
He wrinkles up his forehead to make you think he's
wise;
The hat he wore but yesterday is now too small in size.
He talks about "his system" which he figured out
alone,
But if it had not been for "luck", this guy would not
be known.
You can also pick the losers, they are filled with "ifs"
and "ands,"
They prate about their wisdom, though they show
you empty hands.
They should have won, and only lost because of some
mishap;
They'd make you feel some crooked deal had caught
them in a trap.
But there's another type of "sport", though very rare
indeed,
Who sits and smiles nor makes a kick, although they
have him "treed;"
We do not meet him often, just once in a long while,
"The loser" who can whistle, and greet you with a
smile.

YOU never have to advertise for help to put in crops,
If wild oats are the seeds you're going to sow;
Your friends all help, and no one stops
As long as there is seed for them to throw.
But later in the season, with harvest time at hand,
You gaze upon your field of thorns and weeds;
No help in sight, alone you stand;
No one is there who helped you sow the seeds

I WOULD not live beyond the time when I can be of use,
And have to lay my colors down, and bear the flag of
truce;
To sit around with trembling limbs, and fan life's dying
spark,
And only mar the landscape, as a dead tree in a park.
With fading sight, and toothless mouth, and memory
gone astray,
The world would only look on me, as being in the way;
I'd rather live a useful life, and live a few years less,
Than linger on, when I've outlived my days of usefulness.
There might be some who'd care to look upon my wrin-
kled face,
But even these, would soon forget, if others take my place.
When I've outlived my usefulness, regardless of my age,
I hope and pray that then I may be ushered off the stage.

Postlude

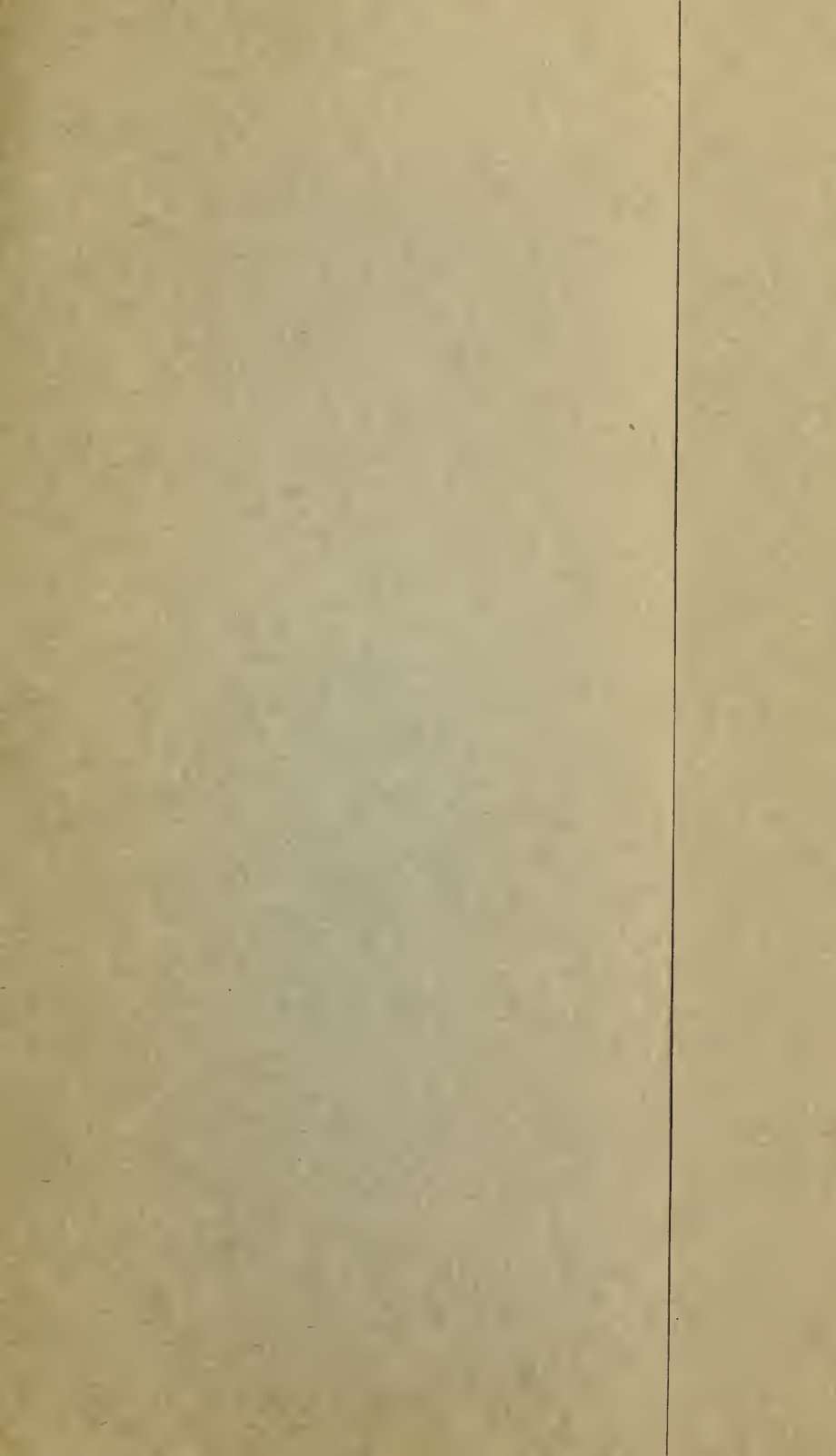
WAIT gentle reader just a minute;
Lest I may be misunderstood;
That one word useful has much in it,
It means the act of doing good.
One may be crippled, aged and broken,
And still be useful all the while,
If from his lips kind words are spoken,
And on his face there beams a smile.

Price Postpaid \$1.00

Address

E. F. Hayward, Publisher
Conover, Wis.

C. F. Paine Publishing Company, Printers
Fayette, Iowa



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 905 808 6